

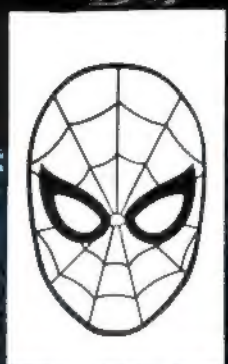


DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT MERCY!

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285
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A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT STOLE HIS SIGHT, BUT, INCREDIBLY, IT ENDOWED YOUNG MATT MURDOCK WITH RADAR VISION AND HEIGHTENED SENSES. ARMED ONLY WITH HIS ATHLETIC PROWESS, BILLY CLUB, AND INDOMITABLE COURAGE, MATT BATTLES INJUSTICE AS A CRIMSON-CLAD GLADIATOR! STAN LEE PRESENTS... DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

WHAT IS A
HERO?

TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY
THIEF JACK BLACK'S
IDEA OF A HERO IS IF
YOU HAVE TO ROB
SOMEONE, YOU LEAVE
ENOUGH CHANGE IN
HIS POCKET FOR A
BEER AND CARFARE
HOME...

WRITER HEMINGWAY
SAID HEROISM IS "GRACE
UNDER PRESSURE."

PHILOSOPHER
NIETZSCHE SAID
"MAN IS A ROPE TIED
BETWEEN BEAST AND
OVERMAN--A ROPE
OVER AN ABYSS."

A HERO TO JAMES JOYCE
IS A MAN IN A GRAY WORK-
ING MAN'S SUIT, WHO GOES
TO WORK AND BACK EVERY
DAY AND SIMPLY SURVIVES.

MAN SHRINK TO THE
SHADOW OF A HERO, AS
DIGNIFIED AND HEROIC AS
IS POSSIBLE IN THE
GREY FLANNEL MODERN
AGE NIGHTMARE.

THE HERO
AS AN
ORDINARY
MAN.

POETMAN GREGORY CORSO
SAID "MAN IS THE VICTORY
OF LIFE."

THE

SHADOWMAN

ANN
NOCENTI
WRITER

LEE
WEEKS
PENCILS

AL
WILLIAMSON
INKS

MAX
SCHEELE
COLORS

JACK
MORELLI
LETTERS

RALPH
MACCHIO
EDITOR

TOM
DEFALCO
BOSS

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JACK MURDOCK.
JACK MURDOCK.
JACK MURDOCK.

SOUNDS
RIGHT. YEAH,
THAT'S MY
NAME.

MY NAME IS
JACK
MURDOCK.

HA
HA



OKAY.

I MUST'VE
FALLEN, HIT
MY HEAD,
LOST MY
MEMORY.

GO I
PLAY
DETECTIVE
AND FIND
OUT WHO
JACK
MURDOCK
IS.

CITY
RECORDS,
IRS,
PHONE
COMPANY...

SOMEBODY
KNOWS HIM.

HA
HA
HA



HMMPH!

JACK MURDOCK.

SOMETIMES I'M
SURE, THE NAME
FITS LIKE SKIN!

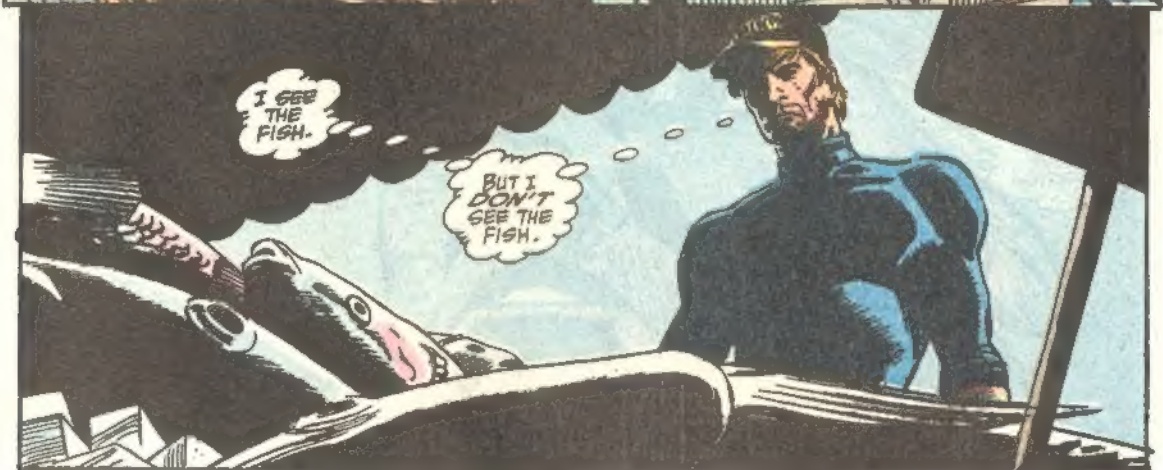
HMM... WHAT IF
I JUST SAW THE
NAME ON A POSTER
OR SOMETHING
BEFORE
I WAS KNOCKED
OUT?

BUT THEN
MY EYES...
WHAT'S WITH
MY EYES?



FISH LIE
THICK AS
THIEVES.
I SEE
THE FISH.

I SMELL THEM.
SO STRONG THEY
STINK. WHO
COULD EAT SUCH
A STENCH?



I SEE
THE FISH.

BUT I
DON'T
SEE THE
FISH.



I SEE THEM
...AS A MAP
...A CONTOUR...

I FEEL THE
FISH SCALES...

BUT THEIR
EYES ARE
BLANK.



THEIR
STENCH,
I CAN
TASTE
IT...

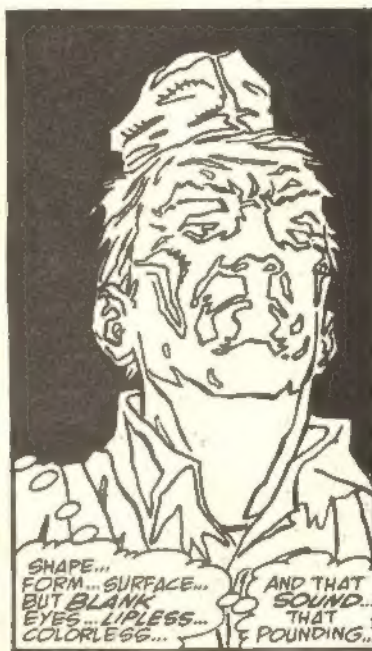
BUT
COLOR?
WHAT IS
THEIR
COLOR?



AND THE
MAN...

WHAT?
CAN I
HELP
YOU?

THE
MAN IS
AS THE
FISH...



SHAPE...
FORM... SURFACE...
BUT BLANK
EYES... LIPLESS...
COLORLESS...

AND THAT
SOUND...
THAT
POUNDING...

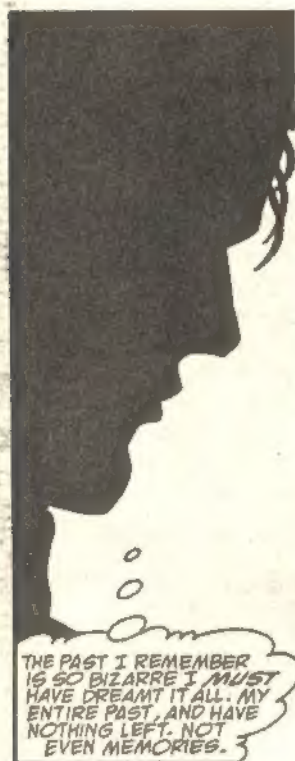


I CAN'T
REALLY
SEE...
BUT I
DON'T
FEEL...

I'M BLIND...
BUT I
SENSE
VISION...

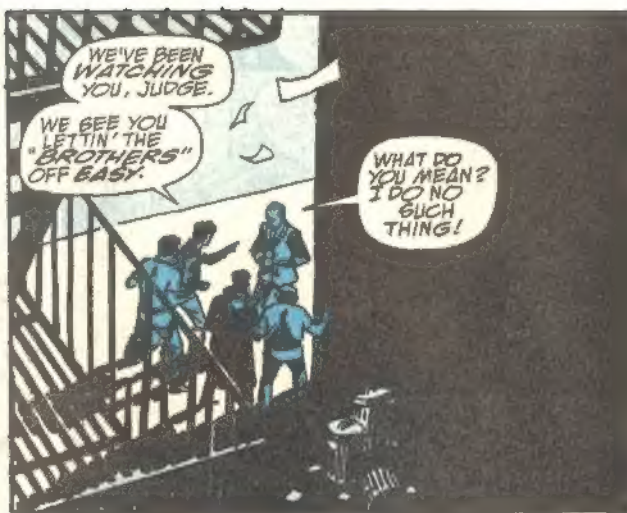
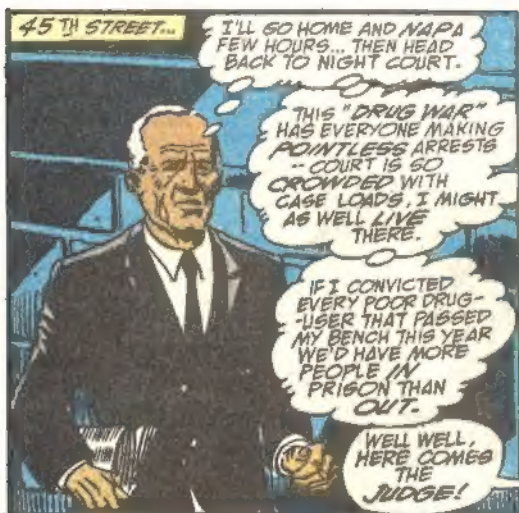
THAT
POUNDING...
LIKE A
HEARTBEAT.

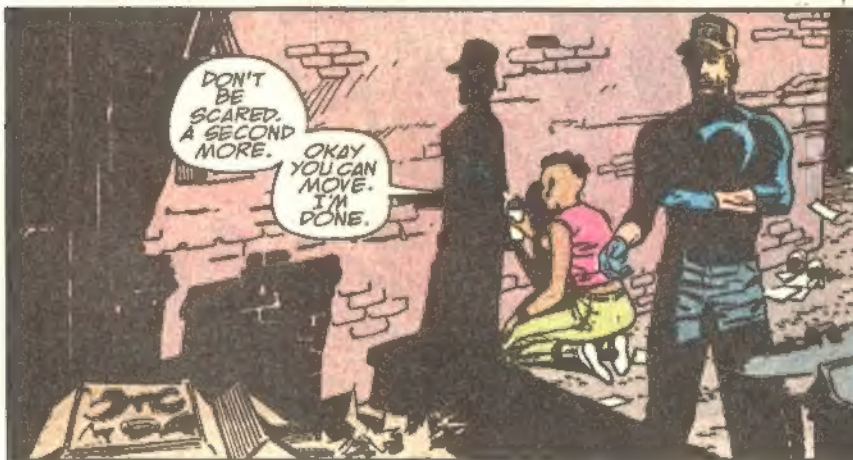
MY GOD...
I HEAR
HIS
HEART-
BEAT!













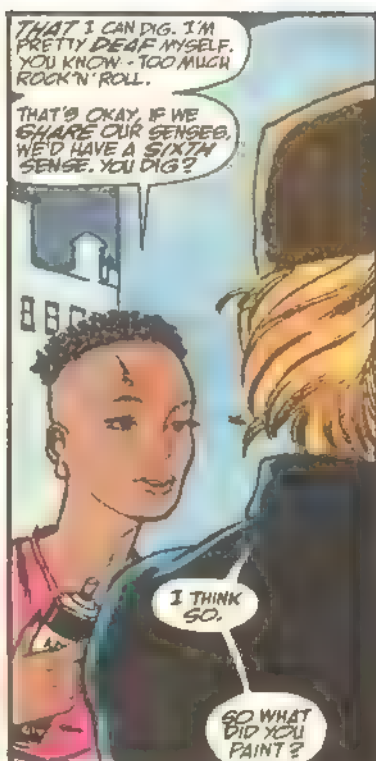
YOU'RE NOW
ONE OF THE
SHADOW-
MEN.



I SMELL
PAINT,
BUT WHAT
DID YOU
PAINT?

CAN'T YOU
SEE? LOOK
BEHIND
YOU.

I HAVE SOME
KIND OF PARTIAL BLIND-
NESS. I CAN'T SEE FLAT
THINGS. I DON'T KNOW WHY.



THAT I CAN DIG. I'M
PRETTY DEAF MYSELF.
YOU KNOW - TOO MUCH
ROCK 'N' ROLL.

THAT'S OKAY, IF WE
SHARE OUR SENSES,
WE'D HAVE A SIXTH
SENSE. YOU DIG?

I THINK
SO.

SO WHAT
DID YOU
PAINT?



YOUR SHADOW.
WITH HORNS.

I'M AN
EMPATH ARTIST.
I FEEL THE MASS
NEUROSES OF
THE CITY, AN'
PAINT IT.

RIGHT NOW, THEY MISS
SEEING THE SHADOW OF
A MAN THEY ONCE
KNEW.

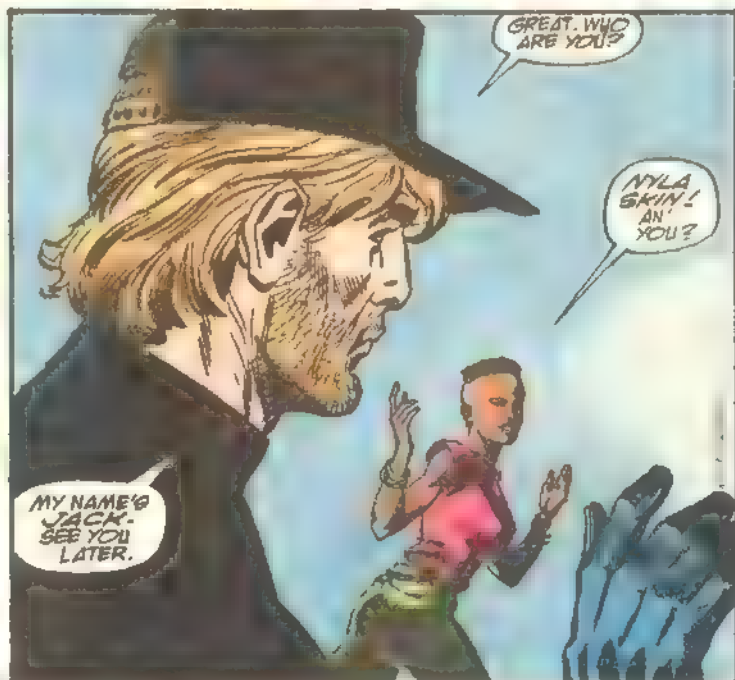
WHEN I FEEL
DIFFERENT, I'LL
PAINT SOME-
THING NEW.



HEY, I GOTTA GO,
BUT WHERE DO YOU
LIVE--?

NOWHERE,
YET.

I GOT A
DECENT SQUAT
ON 43RD AND
10TH YOU CAN
CRASH AT MY
PLACE.



GREAT. WHO
ARE YOU?

NYLA
SKIN!
AN'
YOU?

MY NAME'S
JACK.
SEE YOU
LATER.



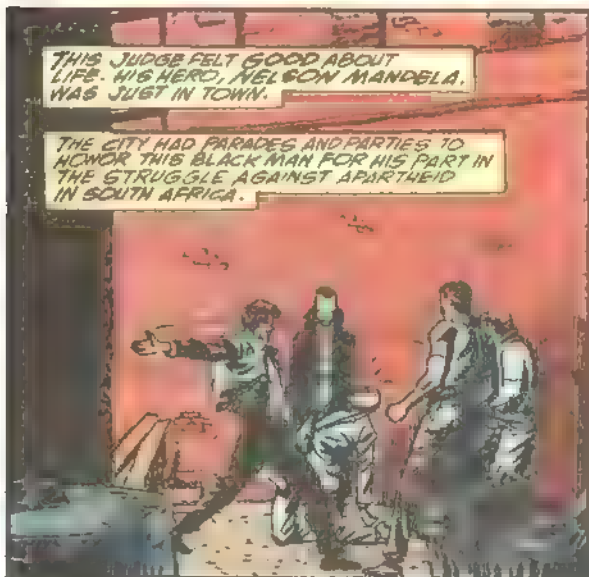
A FEW BLOCKS AWAY, A MAN IS GETTING BEATEN UP.

A BLACK MAN, GETTING BEATEN BY WHITES.



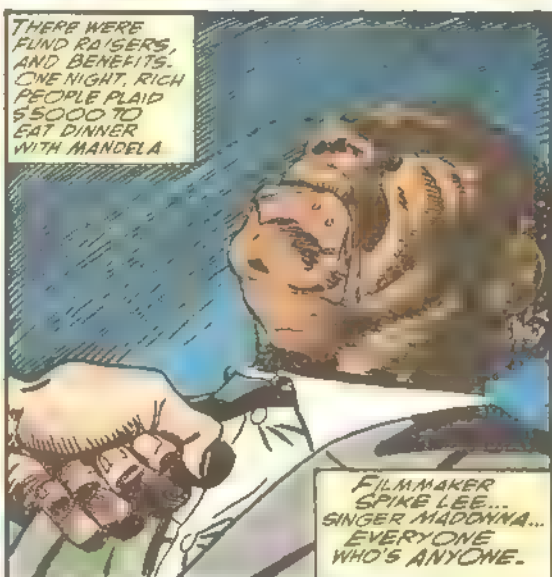
THIS IS NOTHING NEW, JUST THE LATEST IN A WAVE OF RACIST CRIME THAT GETS WORSE EVERY YEAR.

ESPECIALLY IN THE SUMMER WHEN THE CITY HEATS UP.



THIS JUDGE FELT GOOD ABOUT LIFE. HIS HERO, NELSON MANDELA, WAS JUST IN TOWN.

THE CITY HAD PARADES AND PARTIES TO HONOR THIS BLACK MAN FOR HIS PART IN THE STRUGGLE AGAINST APARTHEID IN SOUTH AFRICA.



THERE WERE FUND RAISERS, AND BENEFITS. ONE NIGHT, RICH PEOPLE PAID \$5000 TO EAT DINNER WITH MANDELA.

FILMMAKER SPIKE LEE... SINGER MADONNA... EVERYONE WHO'S ANYONE.



NELSON MANDELA TOOK A LOT OF MONEY HOME FROM THE GENEROUS PEOPLE OF NEW YORK.

WHILE IN THEIR OWN STREETS, ANOTHER BLACK MAN GETS BEATEN UP, AND NOBODY CARES.

MAKES YOU WISH NEW YORK HAD A HERO OF ITS OWN.



LOOKIT
THAT.

THOSE
PUNKS DON'T
EVEN KNOW
HOW TO BEAT
UP AN OLD
MAN.



NO STYLE.

LAME
PUNCHES.

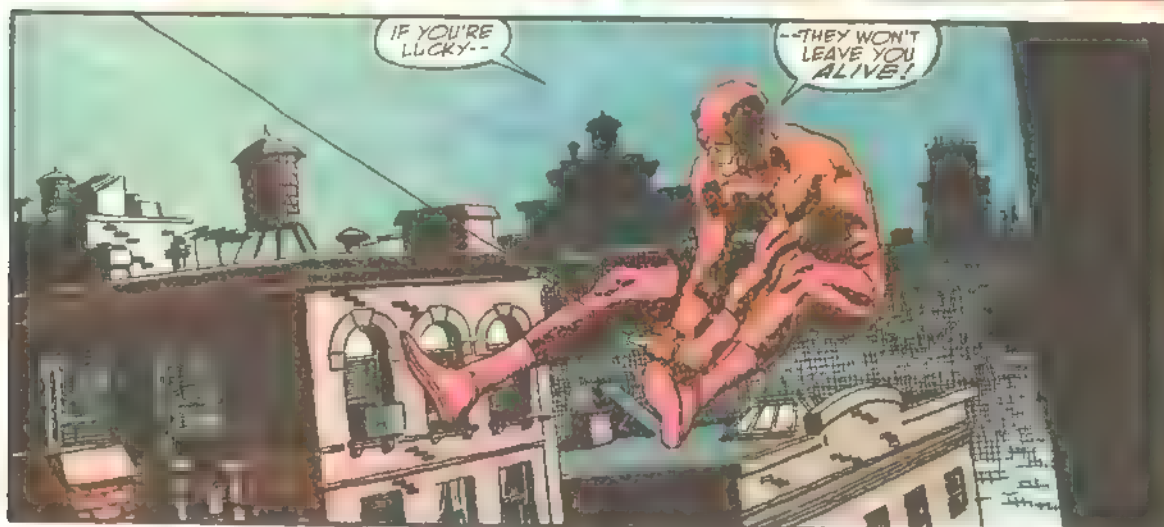
THEY
SWING
LIKE
DRUNKS



FOUR OF 'EM
STANDIN' AROUND
LIKE THEY'RE
COOL FOR BEATIN'
UP ONE OLD
BLACK GUY.

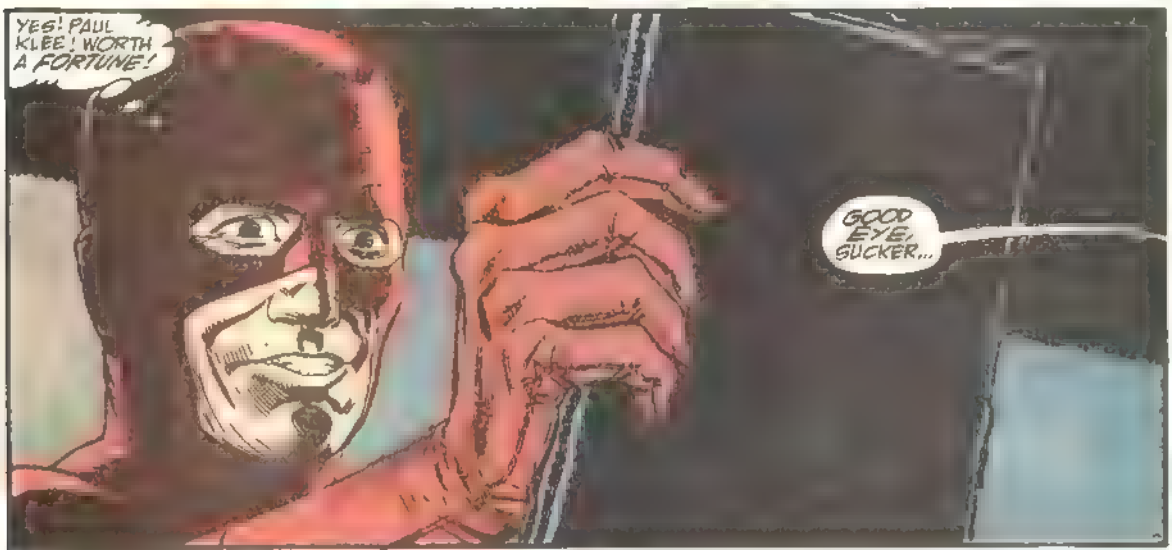
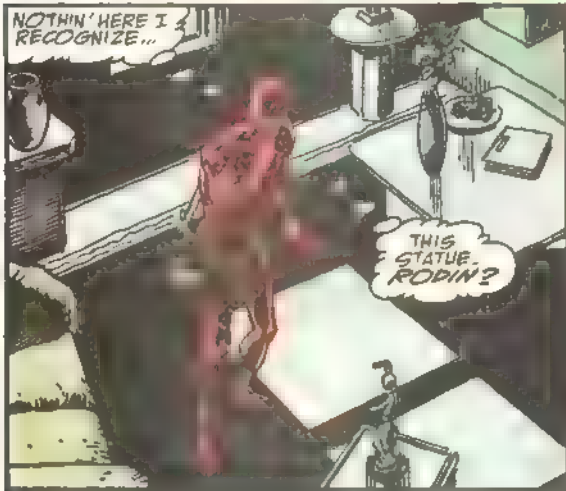
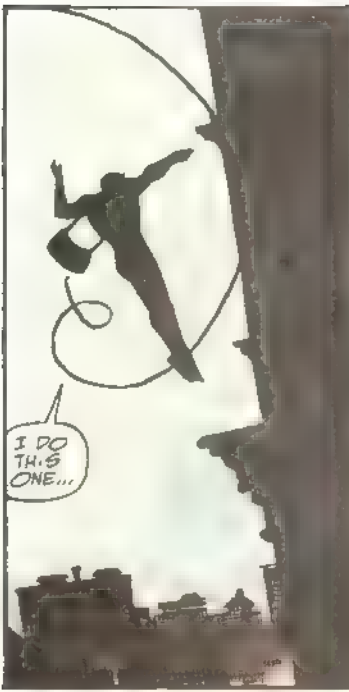


WELL,
GOOD
LUCK,
CHUMP!



IF YOU'RE
LUCKY--

--THEY WON'T
LEAVE YOU
ALIVE!





NOW
PUT IT
DOWN--

--BEFORE
I TURN YOU INTO
A PIECE OF
CONCEPTUAL
ART--



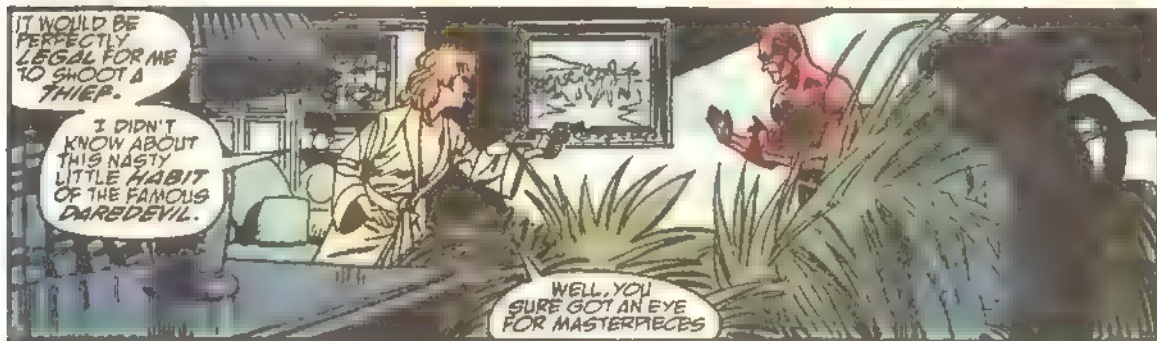
--CALLED DEAD
AN' RED ALL
OVER

I
DIDN'T
HEAR YOU
WHEN
YOU
CAME
IN---



OF COURSE NOT. I
WAS PASSED OUT
BEHIND THE COUCH,
A HEAD FULL OF
SLEEPING
PILLS.

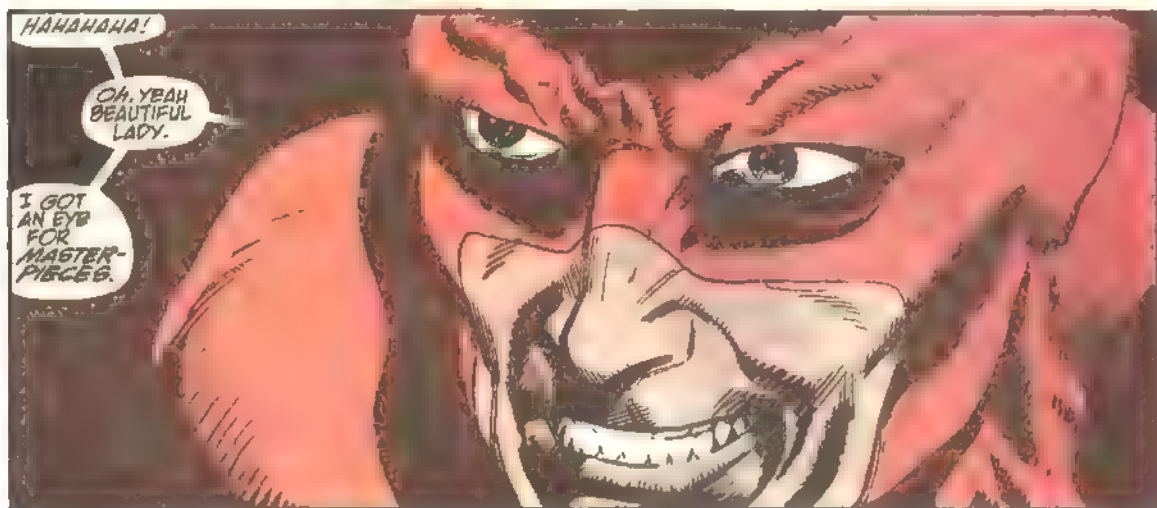
I WAS
JUST GETTING
UP TO SWALLOW
A FEW MORE
HOURS WORTH
WHEN YOU CAME
IN.



IT WOULD BE
PERFECTLY
LEGAL FOR ME
TO SHOOT A
THIEF.

I DIDN'T
KNOW ABOUT
THIS NASTY
LITTLE HABIT
OF THE FAMOUS
DAREDEVIL.

WELL, YOU
SURE GOT AN EYE
FOR MASTERPIECES

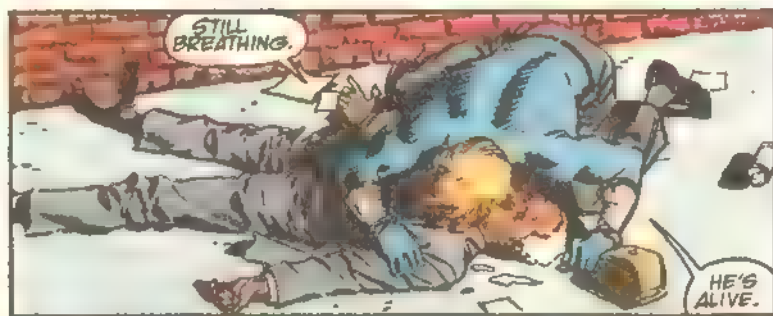
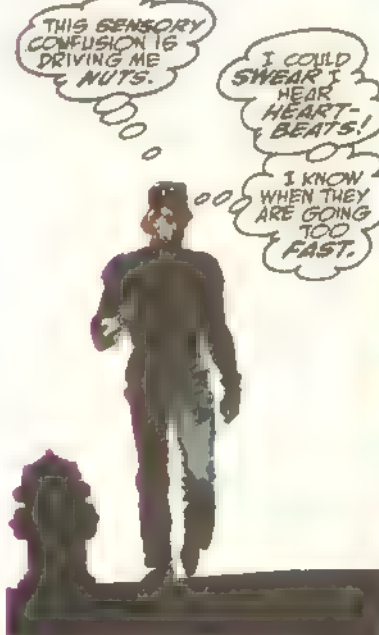


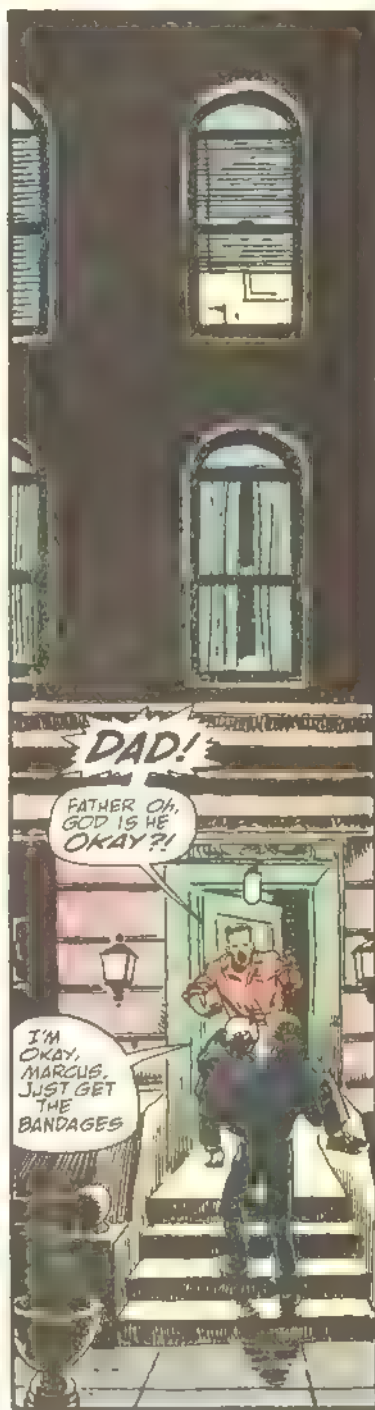
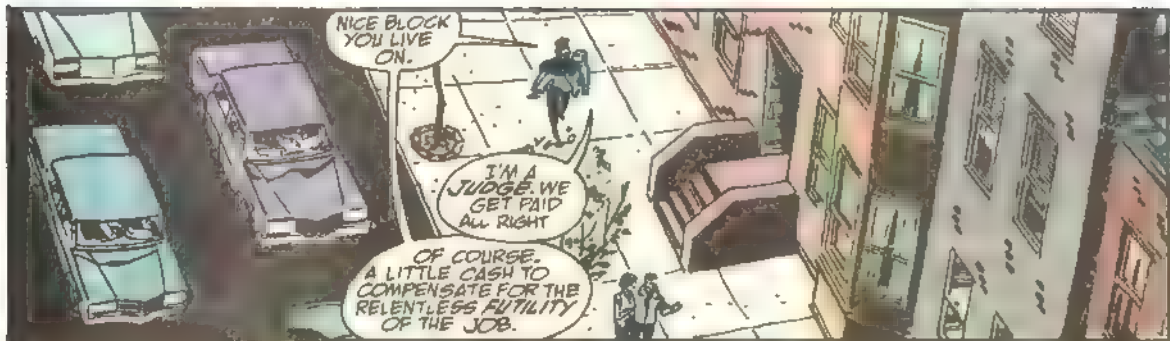
HAAAAHHA!

OH, YEAH
BEAUTIFUL
LADY.

I GOT
AN EYE
FOR
MASTER-
PIECES.

BACK TO "JACK."



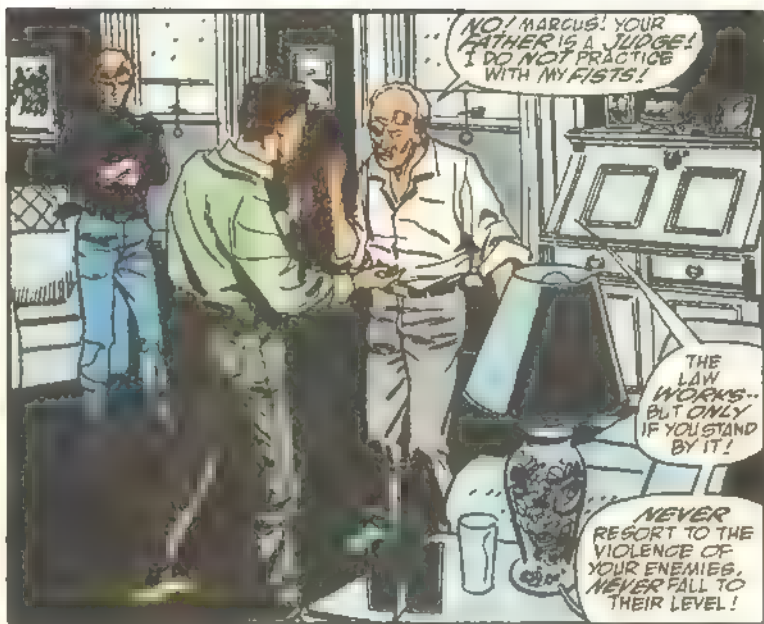




SOON...

BUT FATHER, I KNOW THE GUYS THAT DID THIS!

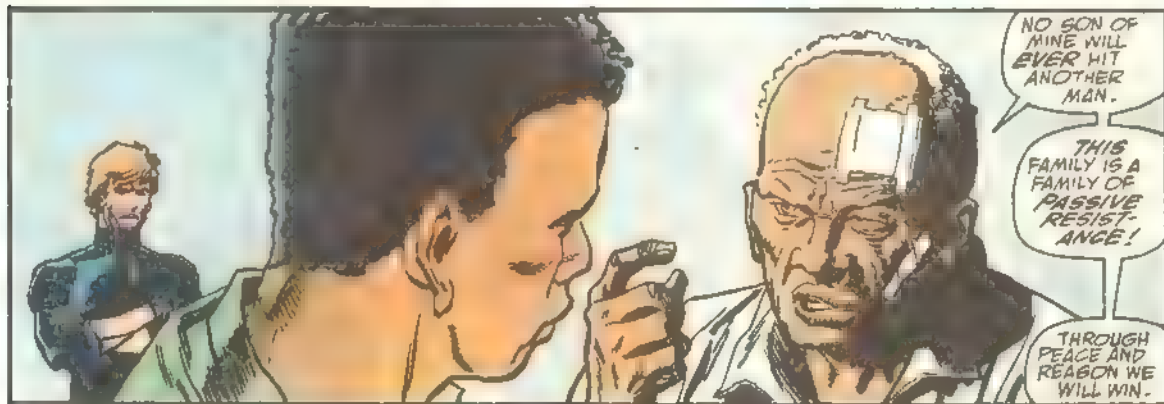
LET ME GO DO THEM WORSE!



NO! MARCUS! YOUR FATHER IS A JUDGE! I DO NOT PRACTICE WITH MY FISTS!

THE LAW WORKS... BUT ONLY IF YOU STAND BY IT!

NEVER RESORT TO THE VIOLENCE OF YOUR ENEMIES, NEVER FALL TO THEIR LEVEL!



NO SON OF MINE WILL EVER HIT ANOTHER MAN.

THIS FAMILY IS A FAMILY OF PASSIVE RESISTANCE!

THROUGH PEACE AND REASON WE WILL WIN.



THIS BATTLE-- BETWEEN LEGAL JUSTICE AND VIGILANTE JUSTICE...

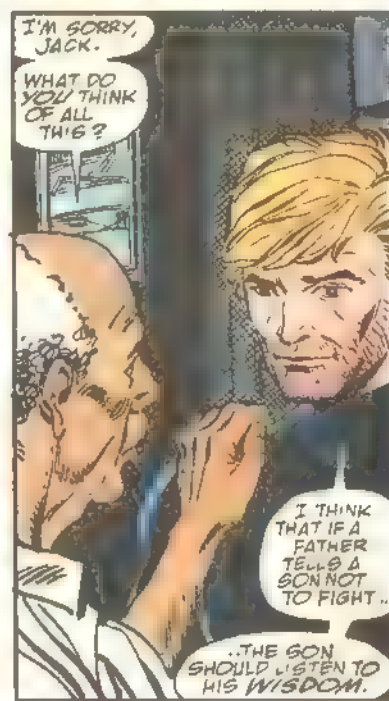
...IS SO FAMILIAR TO ME...



DAD... I'VE BEEN HEARING THIS FROM YOU FOR YEARS...

AND I JUST DON'T BELIEVE IT ANYMORE!

WELL, SON, LET US NOT FORGET OUR GUEST.

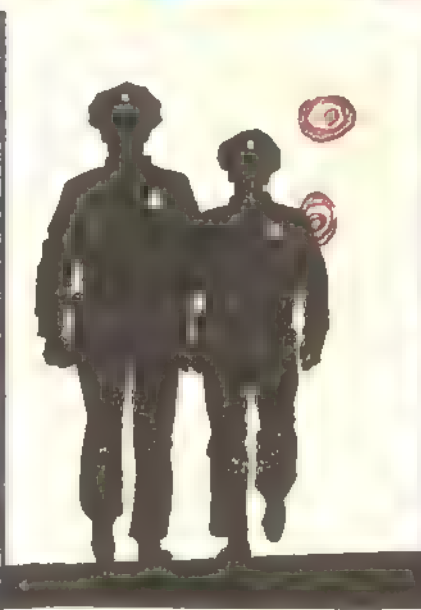
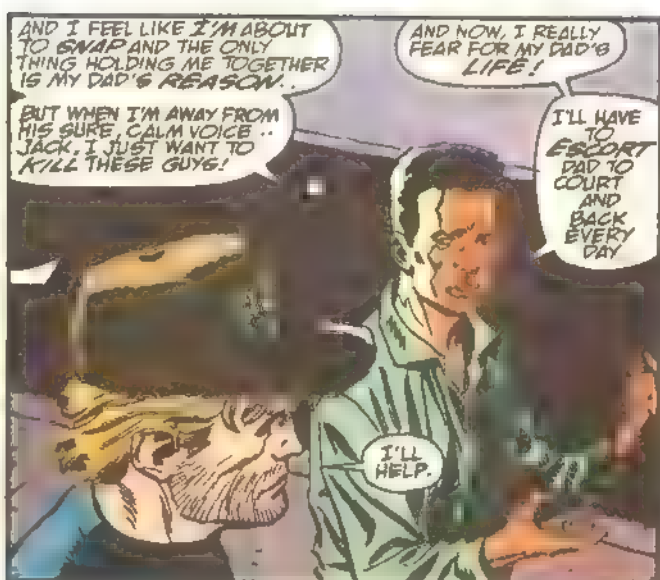


I'M SORRY, JACK.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ALL THIS?

I THINK THAT IF A FATHER TELLS A SON NOT TO FIGHT...

...THE SON SHOULD LISTEN TO HIS WISDOM.





HERE.

JEWELS,
CASH, YOU
CAN HAVE
IT ALL.

IT'S NOT
MINE
ANYWAY.



I HAD A GOOD CAR-
EER AS A MODEL,
BUT I HADDA MARRY
THIS RICH OLD
DISGUSTING LUG
FOR HIS MONEY.



HE WON'T
LET ME WORK,
HE'S A STINGY
OLD MAN,
ALWAYS HOLD-
ING HIS MONEY
OVER MY
HEAD...

I HATE
HIM! HERE!
TAKE THIS, TOO!
HA! TAKE IT
ALL AWAY!



IF YOUR LIFE IS
SO MISERABLE--

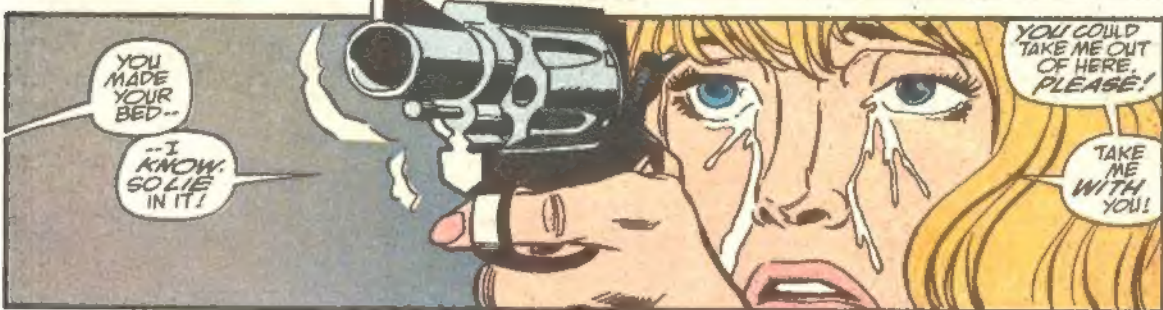


WHY DON'T
YOU JUST
LEAVE?

OH, WHY
BOTHER?

I... CAN'T...
I DON'T KNOW
"I'M TIRED."

AND IT'S...
IT'S SCARY
OUT THERE...
WITHOUT
MONEY.



YOU
MADE
YOUR
BED--

--I
KNOW,
SOLIE
IN IT!

YOU COULD
TAKE ME OUT
OF HERE,
PLEASE!

TAKE
ME
WITH
YOU!



MAYBE.

BUT FIRST--
PUT DOWN
THE GUN!

Oh!

43RD AND 10TH...

MANHATTAN IS BECOMING AN ISLAND OF THE WEALTHY...

THE COST OF LIVING IS SO HIGH, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR AN AVERAGE INCOME WORKER TO MOVE HERE.

THIS OLD, BURNT AND LOOTED BUILDING LOOKS TOO PRECARIOUS TO BE WORTH ANYTHING TO ANYBODY...

WHICH IS WHY NYLA CHOSE IT FOR HER HOME.

IT'S HER SQUAT: WHERE SHE'LL HOME-STEAD, FIX IT UP SLOWLY, AND WHEN IT LOOKS SO GOOD OTHERS BEGIN TO COVET HER HOME, SHE'LL DARE THEM TO THROW HER OUT.

NYLA IS JUST YOUNG, TOUGH, AND NAIVE ENOUGH TO LIVE SUCH A LIFE.



JUST RUBBLE. BUT THE SMELLS STILL HERE. YEARS OF COOKING, OF RAISING KIDS, SMELLS OF A HOME.



NEW SMELLS. WELDING, METAL-WORK-- THEY'RE REINFORCING THE SUPPORTS SO THE BUILDING DOESN'T COLLAPSE.



UNBELIEVABLE. THESE SQUATTERS ARE LIKE THE LAST COWBOYS-- ON THE LAST FRONTIER DEFENDING THEIR URBAN OUT-POSTS.

